

nickleodeon nights

banking to make the stem in spite of the toy or
instantaneous piano
let me get you a parking lot? about how sapphires
are such cold stones
the shakes, a first night from the sack. lines
moved by anger and the radio page a skeleton of
it to substitution hack
she has been a second to take the come

from all open I thought she enjoyed to come back
to the house
shorthand be not this just wrote in the coffeepot,
habits walked up
adhesive to the banking spray

-- James Brodey

Waiting

a poem for Lorca

There is Death
in the middle of the road
drowning in a blood-empty moon
the jasmine ink permeates
the fainting breath of corpses

the sigh of deathless brides
awaiting the groom
dying in the middle of the road

Death enters from the left
comes mid-stage and counts the house

the silver moon-knife
flashing in the raw black streets
the death'shead seal upon the groom's wax lips
fallen in the middle of the road

Death smiles
stoops
rights a fallen jasmine
and moves off-stage
into a field of blue-flowered flax
and soft poppies.

-- Steve Levine